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AND
LADIES' WEEKLY MUSEUM.

BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

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The Novelist.

THE NUN,

Or, Memoirs of Angelique;

A TALE.

'YET since it is so, ought I not to pray for that grace which shall enable me to banish whatever may impede my progress in the path I have so solemnly vowed to tread?'

'Why would you intreat your maker to eradicate those very feelings he has himself implanted? Why pray for their anihilation only for the purpose of adopting such a line of conduct as he never meant you to pursue? since, if he had, some impulse would have arisen in your own to aid you in the prosecution of it. Conscience, my sweet Angelique, conscience would have wispered to your soul your father's cruel adoption, if it had been essential to your salvation, or if the Almighty had looked with pleasure on the sacrifice. But believe me, when I tell you in the words of St. Evremont, though much more seriously than he, when dissuading the Duchess of Mazarine that your perseverance is not virtue, but, in fact, a temptation of the Demon, who envious of the glory of God, will not suffer our admiration to be given to his most beautiful work.

'But why talk to me thus? Was it my choice? Can I possibly escape from it? No. Then leave me. A wide gulph yawns betwixt us, which neither may pass without incurring anathemas the most dreadful.'

'My charming Angelique, this is an imaginary abyss into which you dread plunging: it does not exist in the terrafirma of common sense. When the freedom of choice is taken from you, when you have no will of your own, you become degraded into machine, the mere organ of another's sentiments, and cannot, in the nature of justice, be guilty for submiting to terms you had no power to refuse, or for resuming, on the very first opportunity, that natural right which had been wrested from you, and revoking your acknowledgment of whatever militated against that reason which heaven has given for your guide. Resume yourself, my life; dare to be conducted by the light of your own understanding, suffer no power on earth to dictate terms to you, injustice of which is so strikingly evident. Let us fly, my love, let us fly to that altar where your lips so lately pronounced an unmeaning vow, and breathe one which rises from your heart, and is stamped with the approbation of your intellect. When I first conceived the design of imposing upon the abbess, I proposed to disclose myself gradually to you; but your appearance after a year's abscence, the flattering pensoroso I perceived in you, and moreover, the very circumstance of my being put into your room, urged me to discover myself immediately. Let us hasten then to sanctify, by rites the most holy, that proximity which chance has favoured me with, and which I cannot enjoy till your voice has authorised me to retain it. After midnight prayers are over, we will go to the alter, and interchange our vows: till then, my love, you shall tell me how you have passed this dreary noviciate, and I will informe you, what untoward circumstances have prevented me from seeing or hearing from you till now.'

'And do you call that a marriage,' cried I, angrily, 'which has nothing but the burning taper and the holy image to witness its existence'

'It is the most solemn contract into which we can enter, till chance gives us some means of escaping hence.'

Alas! how soon the mind is reconciled to that which it endeavours to approve. My lover had combated with success such frail reasoning as I could bring forward for persisting in my vow, and he now as easily convinced me of the propriety of a measure I ought, perhaps, to have rejected altogether. I consented, at length to attend him to the alter after midnight, and in the interim gave him all the information to which, for the preceding year, he had been a stranger; he, in return, recountiring all that he thought might interest me, from the time of his departure from my father's house.

The hour of prayer at length arrived and past, we returned to our room, and the convent was again silent as the grave. When we thought sleep had resumed its power over the eye-lids of

the unsuspecting sisterhood, we stole back to the chapel. and approaching the altar, knelt down. while Ferdinand began to read from the book the matrimonial rite. But he had scarcely begun when a shriek from a confessional just by told us we were seen, and a nun whom we had not befor observed, supposing herself discovered, rushed forward, fell at our feet, and implored, with all the appearance of guilty agitation, that we should not expose her, or the holy man that was with her, to the Abbess; protested that she would never forget ns in her prayers, and would foward any scheme which could promote our happiness, for the disguise of Ferdinand no longer concealed the officer, and she had overheard for what purpose we had come thither. Thus is guilt the means of its own exposure. If the lady had not come up, it is most likely our eyes would not have wandered towards her; or if she had had presence of mind enough to say nothing of her confessor, the circumstance of his being there might have remained a profound secret to us.

'Then,' said Ferdinand, 'bring the holy man, as you call him, hither, and let him perform to us that rite which is in itself sacred, and cannot be less so, though pronounced by the organs of hypocricy itself.' The monk, who had remained snug in the confessional, now came foward.

'I am well aware,' said he, assuming a meek and placid air, 'to what suspicions I am exposed from the discovery of my being here at such an hour, but the uprightness of my designs will——'

'I will not undertake the task of convincing you that this was my errand,' said the wily confessor, 'because I know that your imagination, and that of your fair companion, is too deeply wrapt up in the midst of worldly gratifications to perceive that delicate line which the sanctified spirit keeps perpetually in its eye in the midst of temptation: you are to far absorbed by the personal attractions of each other to conceive, with any degree of conviction, the possibility of acting in similar case to mine as if no such attractions existed. I therefore am contented to receive without murmuring all the sarcasms you may think fit to utter. It has been the fate of the church in all ages to have its best supporters defamed, insulted, and loaded with reproach. I am willing to take my share of the indignity, in hopes of participating the reward; but do not let this young penitent be a theme for scandal; do not let that ardent piety which brought her hither, be turned to her disadvantage; consider how delicate that mind must be which could not sleep under the idea of one venial sin till she had obtained the consolation of a formal absolution; think what such a mind must feel at being even suspected, and let that consideration induce you to perpetual silence. For my own part, since you are thus far agreed, I will ask no questions, I will betray no curiosity, but will with pleasure perform that ceremony you require, to convince you that no rancour lurks in my heart, and to shew you at how high a price I would perchase your confidence and fidelity.'

(To be continued.)

HOME.

'It certainly must," replied Sir Esmond; "but may not the suppression of revenge in the female breast, be likewise owing to their having the means of gratifying it little in their power? Were they taught the use of fire-arms, their resentment might oftener appear."

'In is then very fortunate,' said Mr. Basset, 'that they cannot handle a musket.'

'In that view it may be so,' replied Mrs. Almorne, 'but on other accounts I have long thought that women should be trained to the use of fire-arms; their education renders them too helpless.'

'You would then,' said Ornville, 'destroy the female character.'

'I think it very possible,' answered Mrs. Almorne, 'to render women more independent, without hardening their manners. My father, who was a soldier, taught me the use of a musket, as he thought the day might come, when it would enable me to protect myself and others; and to this I have been indebted for much firmness in situations, which would have overpowered most women.'

'I should dread the affect of such education,' rejoined Ornville; 'women should be the solace, not the rivals of men.'

'Women,' said Mrs Almorne, should be useful to themselves and others, as far as they can be so, without injury to their proper place is society; I would not have them either legislators or soldiers; but I would endeavour to put an end to that womanish weakness which is so often a misfortune to themselves, and a torment to others.'

'Would you fear no bad consequences,' asked Lady Ornville, 'from putting arms into the hands of such a multitude?'

'None,' replied Mrs. Almorne; 'women would be restrained in the use of them by the same, and more causes, than influence men, while they

might derive from them important benefit. Amidst the calamities of war, particularly, is it not to be regretted that women should often be defenceless, from their ignorance of an art, which a boy may become expert in.'

'I am much inclined to be of your opinion,' said Sir John; 'but it requires consideration.'

'If it requires consideration,' cried Mrs. Basset, 'I beseech you, Sir, to drop the subject; the mention of firearms gives me a fit of the ague.'

'And the sight of them,' said Mr. Basset, 'deprives you of your senses, as I know but too well. It is not a month ago since we were robbed in our carriage by a poor looking dog, whom I could easily have intimidated, had it not been for her cursed squalling, and holding my arm: and 'tis ten to one that she had shot herself; for in the struggle my pistol went off, and——'

'Lord!' interrupted Mrs. Basset, 'why will you be always harping on that string? Have we not quarrelled about it a hundred times?'

'I only wished, my dear, to show how you risked—'

'What does it signify what I risked, when the thing is over?'

'But, my dear, you should know again—'

'How,' interrupted Mrs. Basset passionately, 'do you suppose I can have recollection at such a time? You would persuade me out of my senses.'

'I only wish I could persuade you into them.'

'You are really very civil—but you are always so violent!'

'Violent! I am perfectly calm; but really, my dear, your absurd behaviour would provoke any mortal.'

'No mortal could have acted otherwise than I did. Would you have a woman to be a man?

'I would only have a woman to have common sense. Did you not hear what Mrs. Almorne said?'

'Yes, but did not Mr. Ornville say, that women should be just what they are?'

'Mr. Ornville is not a married man.'

'That is quite one of your reflections; but Mr. Ornville is right.'

'My dear, if you would only listen—'

'I will not listen; it does not signify talking.'

'You are really too ridiculous, my love.'

'And you are always so unreasonable, my dear. I declare the conversation to-day has been as shocking as when men talk of professional subjects before ladies.'

'Come then, Madam,' said Lady Ornville, 'let us retire to the tea-table and leave the gentlemen to discus, what subjects they think proper.'

CHAPTER XII.

MR. and Mrs. Basset left Ornville in the evening, and were soon followed by Mrs. Almorne, who had only come to take leave of the family previously to her departure on a tour, which would detain her some time from home.

As soon as she was gone, Ornville had a private conference with his mother; after which she desired to speak to Constantia in her own apartment. Her countenance wore the appearance of considerable anxiety, while she thus addressed her:

'You must know, my dear, that your brother's errand here to-day, is to get some money from your father; he has immediate occasion for five hundred pounds, which, though no great sum, I am afraid your father will not consent to give. He thinks Hastings has spent a great deal too much,—but he should consider, more than I think he does, how difficult it is for a young man to calculate his expenses with the economy of an old one.'

'It is not,' said Constantia, 'the amounts, but the nature of his expenses, which my father chiefly repines at.'

'I admit they have been ill-judged, but his situation is some apology for them. He has been bred in affluence, and can form no idea of the economy, which his father and I were obliged to practice when we married. We were obliged to deliberate on the expenditure of every guinea? Hastings, on the contrary, had his expenses so liberally supplied till he was twenty-five, that he neither knew the want, nor truly understood the value of money.—He would have been happier, and more prudent, probably, had he been differently situated, but that is past;—his habits cannot now be entirely broken, when he knows that he is heir to a handsome fortune; but you are ignorant, I believe, that his conduct has been lately much altered for the better?'

'I am not.'

(To be Continued.)

Extempore Lines to a young Lady, amusing herself with cutting hearts on paper, one of which the Author took away, but afterwards returned.

A Heart that never falsehood knew,
I send my charming fair;
If such a present's worth regard,
Oh! let it claim her care:

But should its coldness ere displease,
As not to beauty due,
Accept another ever warm,
To friendship, love, and you.

THE THREE SHARPERS.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

A PEASANT was conducting a goat to Bagdat? He was mounted on a mule, and the goat following him with a bell hung to his neck. Three sharpers observing this little escort, instantly longed to make it their own, not so much for the value of the thing, as to shew their address. I will lay an even bet said the first, that I will rob that man of his goat, without his thinking to enquire after it. And I, said the second, will lay another wager, that I will steal from him the mule he rides on. That must be a hard task, indeed, said the third: but what do you think of my enterprise, since I engaged to take from him all the clothes upon his back, and to make him rejoice at seeing himself stripped to the skin?

Their manner of executing this project was truly ridiculous; yet tricks of as absurd a nature are daily practised in London, where the inhabitants pretend to be much wiser than their country friends, whose rustic simplicity is with them a standing jest.

The first sharper dexteriously loosened the fastening to the bell, slipt it from the goat's neck, tied it to the mules tale, and made off with the goat undiscovered. The peasant hearing the tinkling of the bell, never doubted but that his goat followed him. However, happening to look behind him some time after, he was strangely surprised at missing the little animal which he was to sell at the market.—He now made enquiry of every passenger, in hopes of hearing of his strayed goat; at last, the second sharper accosted him, and told him he had just seen a man make down the next lane, precipitately dragging a goat along by the hind legs. The Peasant, thinking he could run faster than his old mule could carry him, instantly dismounted and requested the sharper to hold his mule, while he set off full speed in pursuit of the thief. After exhausting himself in running without getting sight of the man or the goat, he returned quite spent and almost breathless to thank the stranger for taking care of his mule, when, to add, to his misfortune, behold the mule and its keeper were vanished.

The two successful rogues had gained a secure retreat, and were triumphing over their associate, while he waited for the countryman at the side of a well, in a part of a road he knew him to pass. Here he sent forth the most lamentable cries, and made such bitter wailings, that the peasent was touched with commiseration as he approached him, and reflecting on his own recent misfortunes, found himself disposed to listen to the afflictions of others. As he appeared to be overwhelmed with grief he thus addressed him: How can you take on so pitiously? Surely your misfortunes are not so great as mine; I have just lost two animals, the value of which is more than one half of my substance; my mule and my goat might in time made my fortune. A fine loss truly, said the third sharper, to be compared with mine! You have not, like me, let fall into this well a cask t of diamonds, delivered into my hands and entrusted to my care and discretion, to be carried to the Caliph of Bagdat; no doubt I shall be hanged for my negligence, which will be called an excuse for having clandistinely sold them. Why don't you dive to the bottom of the well and fetch up your treasure, said the Peasant; I know it is not deep. Alas! replied the sharper, I am quite aukward at diving, and had rather run the risk of being hanged, than meet inevitable death by drawning; but if any one who knows the well better than me, would undertake the kind office, upon recovering the jewels, I would give him ten pieces of gold.

The unwary dupe poured out his pious ejaculations in gratitude to Mahomet for having thrown in his way the means of repairing the loss of his mule and his goat. Promise me, said he, in an extacy, the ten pieces, and I will recover your casket: The sharper agreed, and the countryman striped himself, and jumped with such alacrity into the well, that the sharper saw he had no time to loose, and immediately took to his heels with his clothes.——The poor Peasant felt all around the bottom of the well to no purpose, and then raising himself to the brink to take breath, and recover strength for a second attempt, he found that the stranger had decamped with his apparel.—Grown wise too late by his woeful experience, he returned home by many a lonely path to conceal his shame and relating his tale to an affectionate wife, the only consolation he received from her was, that from the king upon the throne, to the shepherd on the plains, two thirds of the human race owe the greatest part of the vexations of life to imprudent confidences.'

ANECDOTE.

A flourishing Coxcomb, the other day, came into a shoemaker's shop, to try on a pair of boots. 'These are too short for the *ton*,' said he; 'they should be long enough to cover up the *Calf* completely,'—'Then,' said the shoemaker, 'they must be about *five feet ten inches*.'

JUSTICE.

The love of justice, in most men, is only the fear of suffering by injustice.

A FRAGMENT.

IT was Everalia. She was in the habit of a youth, the strings of her bow were slackened by the rain; her yellow hair, which almost reached the ground, hung dishevelled, and was cloded by the wet; it was night; she was alone, and only one poor cottage in view:—the winds roared aloud:—the torrents poured down heavily, the moon was enveloped by clouds, not one star, the hemisphere afforded to cheer the lonely traveller. She reached the cottage, and requested admittance:—it was granted,—she was dried by a good fire, and remained over night in the hut, and in the morning continued her journey.

Everalia was the daughter of Alphin; she was betrothed to Leon, and was beloved likewise by Carlo; they were both heroes; Alphin had received a service from Carlo, after he had Leon his daughter; regardless of his word, he commanded Everalia to relinquish her first love, and give her hand to Carlo; Everalia refused; a war broke out; both he lovers were called to the field of battle; foregoing her sex, she abandoned her father's house and followed her beloved to the wars.

She was the fairest of the lovely; her eyes were two stars of light; her white hand touched the trembling harp, and her voice was soft as summer breezes.—In the evening of the fourth day she reached a wide plain; the midnight winds in their wrath had torn up the aged trees that once adorned it; she beheld the glittering of armour, and the plumage of the warriors helmets; the clang of arms red on her senses, the javelins darted to and fro, a thousand swords gleamed in the air, the cries of the wounded struck a chill on her soul, ghastly death stalked around, she lifted her eyes to heaven, and ejaculated a prayer for the safety of her Leon: night came on the din of arms ceased.

* * * * *

With the morning came forth two youths; their vizors were up; Everalia beheld the lovers; she concealed herself behind the trunk of an old oak; but her blue eyes rolled in search of their actions; each raised bossy shields; both drew their swords;—they fought!—her heart beat high: Carlo was conqueror; the next stroke would have lain his antagonist lifeless on the plain. She was pale; and wildly sad, she started forward, rushed between them, and received the blow intended for her lover. She fell! the sanguine effusion poured from the wound; mournfully she raised her eyes on the beloved Leon. "'Tis, I" faintly articulated she, then groaned and expired! Leon hung over the corpse of his Everalia, clasped it in his arms, and breathed his last in a sigh. Carlo dropped a tear on the earth that inclosed the loveliest pair that ever drew breath!—undisturbed they sleep together!—in the tomb of the mountain they rest alone!——

MATERNAL ARTIFICE.

A TRUE STORY.

TWO young gentlemen of fashion and fortune, students of law, some years ago rented an elegant double set of chambers, and lived together in Gray's-Inn. The apartments were on the ground floor, and the windows looked into and had an easy communication with the charming garden belonging to that ancient seminary. One Sunday morning, being at breakfast, with the window open, they observed a very beautiful young woman in the garden, with a child in her arms equally beautiful: she passed them several times, sedate and unobserving, but at length her attractions becoming too irrisistible, they spoke to her, and with much earnestness invited her to partake of their breakfast. The beautiful *nursery maid*, however, was inflexible; she resisted all intreaties, and in some time retired. For the whole day nothing else was thought of but her, and a thonsand schemes devised to entrap her into the chambers.

The next morning, like a bright ray of returning Phœbus, she appeared in her former station and the hearts of the young heroes felt, with redoubled force, the increasing energies of her charms; invitations were reiterated, but she still remained inexorable, and, as on the preceeding morning, left the garden at a particular hour. One of the youths followed, and watched her, but he was observed, and the game evaded his pursuit. In this pursuit. In this manner did this extraordinary phænomenon appear, and torment for several days; until at length it was settled that, upon her next visit, one of the youths should contrive to secure the child, and give it in at the window to the other. This scheme was accordingly executed, on a supposition that the maid, or mother, would soon follow: but alas! the device failed, for from that moment to this, neither maid nor mother ever troubled them with inquiries, or has since been heard of!

In justice to the generosity of these young gentlemen, we must not omit, that, having waited until evening with the greatest solitude, they made the laundress who had fed the child, procure a nurse for it, and provide it with

necessary accomodation. It is now fourteen years of age, a boy of the most promising parts, and educating, with a view of a liberal profession, at one of the first academies in the vicinity of the metropolis.

THE MELANGE.

Those who have most to give, are most likely to complain of man's ingratitude. For this reason, a king observed, 'that his power of dispensing favours, was the most painful task of royality; since he never gave a place away but he made ninety-nine discontented, and one ungrateful subject.' Nearly to the same purpose was my Lord B—'s answer, on being asked why he discontinued annual balls?—He said, 'His rooms were not large enough to contain more than two hundred persons, and that he feared making all above that number, who were his friends, his enemies; for he had observed that those who were invited, forgot it, before the next year; but those who were not invited, never forgot it during their lives.'

—

TO MY CAT.

SEATED on my fav'rite chair,
Drowsy Puss with jetty hair,
While my hand adown thy back,
Smooths thy shining glossy black,
Methinks thy purring seems to say,
"Drive thy cares, like me away."

O could thus I thoughtless be,
From toil and trouble ever free?
Pleas'd I'd change my state for thine,
At Reason's loss would ne'er repine.—

Ah! a Mouse—down she leaps,
Gives a spring, and silent creeps,
With dreadful fangs, and horrid claws,
See, she grinds her clotted jaws,
And writhes poor Mousey.—Now no more,
I wish to change as just before;
Tyrants I see in every state,
The *small* are prey'd on by the *great;*
'Tis nought but REASON can controul
Each lofty, high, despotic soul,
Then come perfect thy mighty plan,
And let me boast *I am a* MAN!

—

A wedding was to have taken place at B— last week, and the bridegroom attended at the appointed hour: but the nymph, who had three mile to walk, encountered a shower on the road, which so completely cooled her love, that she turned back, and sent word to the poor swain that she had changed her mind.

—

An old man, having buried his wife, and married a young woman, his son came to him and said, 'Sir, wherein have I offended you, that you have brought a step-mother into your house?' The father replied, 'You have not offended me at all, son; on the contrary, you have pleased me so much, that I wish to have more like you.'

—

A country clerk was reading the nunc dimittis; when he came to the passage, 'to be a light to lighten the Gentiles;' not being able to make it out immediately, he adopted a new and truly original reading; 'To be a light to lighten the gentlemen!!!'

—

A man seeing in the street *des Petits Peres*, an old woman, who drove some asses, said, 'Adieu, mother of asses.' 'Adieu, adieu, my son,' answered she. The man felt his ears grow as he walked along.

—

A prince, rallying the fatness of a courtier, who had served him in many embassis, said, he looked like an ox. 'I know not,' said the courtier, what I am like: but I know that I have often had the honour to represent your majesty.'

A rich man sent to call a physician for a slight disorder he had suffered the preceding night. The physician felt his pulse, and said, 'Sir, do you eat well?'—'Yes,' said the patient. 'Do you sleep well?'—'I do.'—'Then,' said the physician, 'I shall give you something to take away all that.'

—

Two little girls of the city of Norwich disputing for predency, one the daughter of a wealthy brewer, the other the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune: 'You are to consider, Miss,' said the brewer's daughter, 'that my papa keeps a coach.'—'Very true, Miss,' said the other, 'and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray.'

—

A wife said to her husband, who was much attached to reading, 'I wish I were a book, that I might always have your company.'—'Then,' answered he, 'I should wish you an almanac, that I might change once a year.

—

Two friars travelling, the one a Dominician, the other a Franciscan, they came to a river. The Dominician told the Franciscan, that, as he went barefoot, he was bound in charity to carry him over; and if not it woul l be a sin. The Franciscan consented, and took him on his shoulders. When they came to the middle of the stream, the Franciscan asked the Dominican, if he had any cash? The Dominician answered, 'Yes two reals.' The Franciscan hearing this, said, 'Father, pardon me; but our rule positively forbids our carrying any money.' Saying so, he left him in the water.

—

Rebellion is a poisonous weed, growing up in a commonwealth by the fatness of the soil. It may flourish for awhile, but the sword of Justice doth, in the end, cut it down.

—

A discontented person is a disjointed member of Society; one that is fallen out with the world, and will not be reconciled again with it—hardly with him self. He is always weary of the present time,—not because it is bad, but because it present. He extols and commends times past, and despairs of ever seeing the like, but

is always desirous of changes; like sick folks, thinking unquietness would procure rest.

—

An ambitious man is a mere bladder, puffed up with the wind of hope. Many times he rises high, and then, like a rocket in the air, breaks and falls down, to the astinishment of all the beholders.

LINES

Sent to a Young Lady.

Go, idle paper to the maid
Whose charms have taught my anxious breast
That Love may every heart invade,
And tranquil minds deprive of rest.
Go then, and while thy lines are reading,

For me be kindly interceding.
Tell her, I live but in her smiles—
Tho' true—she never smil'd on me;
But Hope and Love, with flattering wiles,
Lead me those fancied smiles to see.
Smiles of *contempt* perhaps now rising,
The lines and writer both despising,

Go, happy paper, fearless go,
Nor dread the *flames* that thee await;
Flames in thy master's bosom glow,
Then why should thou lament thy fate.
Go, from her hands receive thine ending,
Off'ring to Love—in flames ascending.

But should she read, and lay the by,
Be sure her breast can kindness feel.
Ah! couldst thou read it in her eye,
For thou wouldst ne'er the glance reveal.
Go then, and to her heart appealing:
Nought that I doubt or hope concealing.

Bear then thy master's message strait;
Say much I love—say much I fear—
Say that her frowns, contempt and hate,
Are what I cannot, could not bear.
Say that without her, life's no blessing,
No endearment worth possessing.

—

For the Repository.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

A PASTORAL.

Lost to all, by Hope forsaken,
This lone bank shall be my pillow;
Joys no more these eyes awaken,
While reclin'd beneath this willow.

Draw the dew from yonder mountain,
Shed it o'er my mossy pillow;
Borrow from the chrystal fountain
Pearly tears, O, weeping willow!

Sympathy's soft dews descending,
Though stolen from a wat'ry billow,
Calm the grie that, now impending,
Binds my brows with wreaths of willow.

Gentle zephyrs round me blowing,
Wave thy branches round my pillow;
Murm'ring streamlets softly flowing,
Strive to wean me from the willow.

Nightingales, melodious singing,
Bid me choose another pillow,
Village bells say, as there ringing,
'Lovely maid, O, leave the willow.'

'Tis in vain, for nought hath power
E'er to charm me from my pillow;
Winds may whistle, storms may lower.
But I'll stay beneath my willow.

A.

—

For the Repository.

The following curious lines, which, though apparently loyal, breath the spirit of Jacobinism, have been handed to us as the production of one of the *United Irishmen*, and a favorite song at their grand meetings. The figures denote the order in which the lines should follow, according to the mental reservation of the Irish Patriots:—

1. The pomp of courts, the pride of kings,
3. I prize above all earthly things:
5. I love my country, but my king,
7. Above all men his praise I'll sing,
9. The royal banners are display'd,
11. And may success the standard aid:
2. I fain would banish far fram hence
4. the Rights of Man and Common Sense.
6. Destruction to that odious name,
8. The plague of princes, Thomas Pain,
10. Defeat and ruin seizthe cause
12. Of France, her liberty, and laws.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL, 5, 1806.

We understand that the British frigate Cleopatra, Capt. White, boarded the LEANDER, and impressed 20 of her crew.

—

NEW-YORK, April 2.

We understand, Mr. Samuel G. Ogden yesterday appeared before the Circuit court and was bound, himself in 10,000 dollars, and a surety in 20,000, to stand trial on account of his connection with the Leander.

ARNOLD—It is stated in the Morning Chronicle, that the Senate have passed a resolve commuting the punishment of Arnold, from death to confinement in the State Prison for life.

—

NORFOLK, Feb 25.

On Friday night about the hour of 11 o'clock, a barber by the name of M'Kinnan, and who is upward of 69 years of age, went to the house of Mrs. Everift, a widow in bank-street, and having some altercation with her stabbed her in the left brest with a sharp pointed instrument, which immediately put an end to her existence.——A man who was in the place at the place at the time, and who attempted to arrest the murderer, was also stabbed by him in the breast, but not to endanger his life.—We are sorry to remark that this diabolical assassin has made his escape.

DIED,

On Monday the 31st ult. in this city, in the 42d year of his age, after a short, but severe illness of pluricy, Mr. ELIHU PALMER, the well known moral and political lecturer. A man who preferred poverty with candour; sincerity and the approbation of his own conscience, to riches and splendour purchased by hypocrisy. He has for thirteen years past, laboured under the greatest of all human calamities, a total loss of his sight. His friends who were not present at the time of his death are informed by one who was, that he died in the full confidence of the truth of those principles which he had inculcated in his discourses. [Aurora.

SELECTED POETRY.

BONNY KITTY.

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY MR. DIBDIN.

When last from the Straits we had fairly cast anchor,
I went bonny Kitty to hail,
With quintables stor'd, for our voyage was a spanker,
And bran-new was every sail,
But I knew enough, how with words sweet as honey,
They'd bilk us poor tars of our gold;
And when the sly gypseys have finger'd the money,
The bag they give poor Jack to hold.

So I chas'd her d'ye see my lads, under false colours,
Swore my riches were all at an end,
That I'd sported away all my good looking dollars,
And borrow'd my clothes of a friend,
Oh! then had you seen her?—no longer with honey,
'Twas—Varlet audacious and bold,
Begone from my sight; since you've spent all my money
For Kitty the bag you may hold.

With that I pull'd out double handfuls of shiners,
And scorufully bade her good bye,
'Twould have done your heart good, had you seen her fine airs,
How she'd leer, and she'd sob, and she'd sigh.
But I stood well the broadside, while jewel and honey
She call'd me, I put up my gold,
And, bearing away as I sack'd all the money,
Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold.

A PETER PINDARIC ODE.

As Joan, one eve, according to the plan
Of many an honest spouse,
Trudg'd to a neighbouring house
To fetch away her good old man:
She found him, as the story goes,
Sprawling in the street,
With feet
In kennel, taking a comfortable doze.

"What hallo, John!" the dame now cries,
"You drunken beast, arise!"
At the well-known voice, John op'd his eyes;
But,
As the poet says, their sense was shut:
And, thinking 'twas a bed, I ween,
And not the street,
He mumbled out, his teeth between,
"Put, up more clothes upon my feet,
"And take" (the moon shone bright)
"Take, take away the light."

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

"TAKE TIME AND THINK ABOUT IT."

YE lasses gay, in beauty's bloom,
All blythe and debonair,
Think not too boldly I presume,
In warning thus the fair:
When beauty rises in the view,
Then men will buz....ne'er doubt it.
This maxim mind....when they pursue,
Take time and think about it.

When ev'ry flatt'ring art they try,
And praise your shape and air....
Your blooming cheeks, and sparkling eye,
Take heed, dear girls, beware:
The honey of your rosy lip,
They'll strive to gain, ne'er doubt it,
Yet e'er you let them have a sip,
Take time and think about it.

But when the constant lover woos,
Endow'd with manly sense,
Then listen to his tender vows,
With trifling forms dispense:
He'll scorn to flatter, or deceive,
If worthy....never doubt it,
Your hand to such then freely give,
Nor think too long about it.

I COULD NOT HELP IT; NO NOT I.

A PLAGUE upon the men, I say!
They'll never leave poor girls alone;
E'er teazing, teazing, night and day,
'Till they have won us for their own.
And yet the women love the men,
'Tis surely folly to deny,
For nine will answer out of ten,
"I cannot help it; no not I."

I told young Edwy, t'other day,
I never wou'd become a bride;
But sure he took a certain day,
To tell me truly, that I ly'd!
First with a kiss, he stop'd my breath,
And softly said...."Sweet creature, why?"
And tho' he squeez'd me, most to death,
I could not help it; no, not I.

Well, what d'ye think at last I said,
I never shall forget, I swear!
"I'll tell plain, I'll never wed;
So tease me now, sir, if you dare!"
But, oh! he kiss'd me then so sweet,
And look'd so charming in my eye!
I vow'd at church the youth to meet;
I could not help it; no, not I

THE SAILOR.

WHEN on the gunnel of a ship,
Poor Jack was running with some flip,
There came a cruel cannon ball,
Which shot his foot off, leg and all.
Jack saw his expectations crost;
Cry'd out, "Damn me the flip is lost."

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